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F. AND OTHER POEMS



the *Journal of the American Medical Association* (JAMA) and the *New England Journal of Medicine* (NEJM) are the two most widely read journals in the field of medicine. The *JAMA* is published by the American Medical Association (AMA) and the *NEJM* is published by the Massachusetts Medical Society. Both journals are highly respected and are considered to be the gold standard in the field of medicine.

The *JAMA* and the *NEJM* are both peer-reviewed journals, which means that the articles published in them have been reviewed by other experts in the field. This process helps to ensure that the information published in these journals is accurate and reliable.

The *JAMA* and the *NEJM* are both published weekly, except for the holidays. The *JAMA* is published on Wednesdays and the *NEJM* is published on Thursdays. Both journals are available in print and online formats.

The *JAMA* and the *NEJM* are both highly influential journals in the field of medicine. They are both cited frequently in other articles and are used as a source of information by many healthcare professionals.

The *JAMA* and the *NEJM* are both published by reputable organizations. The AMA is a non-profit organization that represents the interests of physicians in the United States. The Massachusetts Medical Society is a non-profit organization that represents the interests of physicians in the state of Massachusetts.

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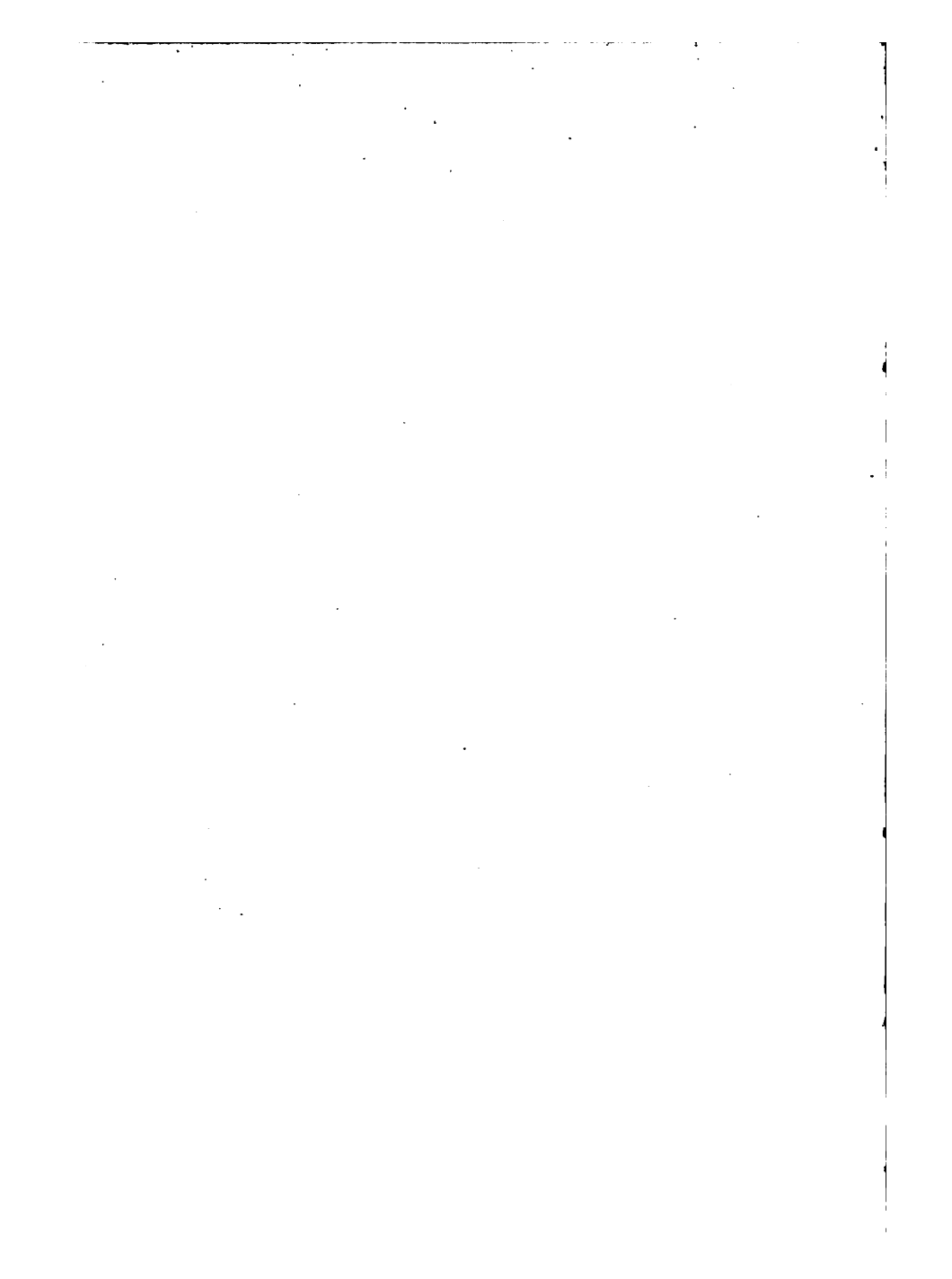
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*AUSTRALIAN AND OTHER POEMS.*



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# A U S T R A L I A N

AND OTHER

## P O E M S

BY

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RODERICK J. FLANAGAN

SYDNEY

EDWARD F. FLANAGAN, 536 GEORGE STREET.

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**M. H. GILL AND SON, PRINTERS, DUBLIN.**

## PREFACE.

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THE author of the following poems died twenty-five years ago. Some of them appeared in various Sydney newspapers, while he was yet living, but many are now printed for the first time. Such exercises were rather the solace and diversion than the serious business of any portion of his literary career—a career which was, unfortunately, as brief as it was full of promise. Distinguished among the journalists of his day, he also made no unimportant mark in what may be termed the regular field of letters. His work on New South Wales, the publication of which, in London, was coincident with his death in that city, at the early age of thirty-three, is justly regarded as a permanently valuable contribution to Australian history. Besides this, he wrote a series of papers in the *Empire* news-

paper on the Aborigines of Australia, which were considered to have shed much light on the manners and customs of that now almost extinct race. It is to be regretted that his death prevented the publication of those essays in book form.

Much that passes for brilliant poetry now-a-days is generally a matter of patience and labour, combined with verbal dexterity and what may be described as a skilful process of assimilation. The faculty alluded to may exist unmingled with a single particle of the genuine quality which it counterfeits. It was decidedly otherwise in Mr. Flanagan's case. That he possessed at least the poetic temperament in a strong degree there can be no doubt. Had he assiduously cultivated the gift he might possibly have struck a memorable note. As it is, there is in these fugitive productions not a little, perhaps, which even the most coldly critical reader can hardly fail to admire : a play of fancy which is occasionally

very graceful ; energetic and picturesque description ; and, above all, a strain of feeling which is unaffectedly simple, generous, and manly.

For such readers, however, the volume is not intended, but chiefly for those to whom it will be a memorial of a friend whose kindly heart was not less calculated to inspire affection than his abilities were to command respect.

*November, 1886.*

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## AUSTRALIAN AND OTHER POEMS.

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### *A SONG OF AUSTRALIA.*

JANUARY 26, 1788.

Joy fills to-day my bosom, and it flies through every  
vein,

It comes as on the parchèd plain descends mid-  
summer rain ;

It fills my soul with gladness, e'en to aerial beings  
new,

As sunbeams fall on budding flowers when morning  
gilds the dew.

No more I'm like a maiden that's neglected in her  
bloom,

Doomed when bridals throng the highway to pine  
in lonely gloom ;

No more I'm like a blooming bride, who waits, 'mid  
bright array,  
For the coming of the bridegroom, whom Death  
struck on the way.

No more I'm like a matron lone, whose husband and  
whose sons  
Lie slain where through the battle-throng the rude  
Destroyer runs.  
To-day bold suitors come in crowds, to-day I'm  
wooded and won,  
To-day the long-expected ones have found their  
gladdened home.

To-day the founders of a race shall fill my broad  
domains,  
Shall wake the silence of my woods, shall swarm upon  
my plains,  
Have come, and shall not welcome meet, and shall  
not guerdon high  
Good greeting to their advent give, repay each toil-  
wrung sigh?

Fair are Britannia's fertile vales, with happy hamlets  
    strown,  
And fair are Gallia's hills and plains, for teeming  
    vineyards known ;  
The Arno flows through smiling lands where peasants  
    know but glee ;  
And stars that shine o'er Egypt's flood, earth's  
    favoured regions see.

But not less rich than Britain's isles, and not less fair  
    than France  
Shall be the plains where, aftertime, my sons will lead  
    the dance ;  
And not more pure th' Italian skies than skies above  
    my soil,  
And streams as broad, as rich as Nile shall bless my  
    peasants' toil.

Rich are the gifts Columbia gives to those who cross  
    the wave,  
Bright are the ores she brings to light, where delves  
    the weary slave ;

But far more rich the gold I'll give, to glad my  
vent'rous sons;  
And, oh! to win its lustrous glance no tear of sad  
slave runs!

Oh! to-day a joy unwonted within my heart holds  
sway,  
Such joy as feel the shipwrecked host, at sight of  
coming day,  
Such joy as feel the city's tribes, long pent by war's  
alarms,  
When, breathing in sweet fields again, they fly to  
Freedom's arms.

*THE DROWNED HAMLET.*

Up from his orient star-gemmed couch the sun,  
revived, arose,  
And as beseemed a guardian true, his searching  
glance he throws  
On all those scenes that court his care—stream,  
woodland, hill, and plain,  
The first at morn to fix his look, the last at daylight's  
wane.

As lighted up his glowing face, his glance more  
warmly fell  
Adown that scene where, scanning close, he saw  
that all was well ;  
And when at eve his parting rays give place to  
glimmering stars,  
No sign he marks to dull his eye, no shade his glad-  
ness mars.

For all the land was deftly clad in sparkling June's  
array—

Australia's June, where spring's mild reign usurps  
warm summer's sway—

Bright blossoms thickly strewed the plain, the birds  
made gayest show,

The herbage filled luxuriant fields—men said they  
saw it grow.

And Gundagai! that twilight on no fairer scene did  
close;

Joyous to view thy rustic bliss the Murrumbidgee  
rose.

Careering past, his gallant flood, swelling, he seemed  
to say:—

“No fairer scene on all my banks gladdened my  
course to-day.”

The twilight fast has darkened down into the gloom  
of night;

Through every vine-clad lattice gleams the taper's  
cheering light:

To seek relief from trivial cares the toilers forth  
repair,  
The children round the matron group, to breathe the  
evening prayer.

The hour when Slumber claims her sway descends  
upon the scene,  
Late-sitting guests, with gossip worn, are tending  
homewards seen,  
No change, to note, the vale comes o'er, no fear the  
homes among,  
The river, in his olden path, unswerving glides  
along.

The crescent night draws to its noon—amaze all  
hearts has thrilled;  
The waters, rising, flood the floors—the town with  
cries is filled.  
The mother, moaning, seeks her babes, whose limbs  
the waters lave,  
The father plies his anxious skill to ward th' intruding  
wave.

Through all the night the danger grows, and when  
the morning beamed  
How altered was the scene whereon the azure twilight  
streamed ;  
It seemed as though the Bow of Hope had lost its  
promised sway,  
And that the earth, with all its tribes, its sins again  
should pay.

The sun arose, as erst he came, but not as erst the  
scene  
Whereon his cheering rays descend. Instead of  
landscape green  
A wide extending waste of wave gave back his light-  
some glance,  
Where 'mid the perches of the birds the reckless  
eddies dance.

And clust'ring on each roof-top, spared to yield such  
sad relief,  
Were seen the hamlet's household, fast thrall'd in  
spell of grief ;

And in the trees were clinging some, with strength  
which faded fast,  
And others, they had ceased to cling—their days were  
of the past.

A boat has left the desert shore, and see its oarsmen  
strong,  
Against the rushing wreck and wave, make battle well  
and long.  
That fragile bark, returning oft, receives the fainting  
host  
Who 'scaped the flood, where haply all their best  
beloved were lost.

Give honour to those gallant men who fall in free-  
dom's cause,  
And to those men their meed of praise who war  
'gainst wrongful laws;  
But while all they who serve the weal requiting  
guerdons find,  
Shall not the fate of those we sing full well be borne  
in mind?

They left the banks of Thames and Tweed and Erna's  
fern-rimmed mere,  
And passed half earth's untraversed zone, new shrines  
and homes to rear;  
They fought the fight of sternest life, with steady  
heart and hand,  
And left their fate to landmark an unmonumented  
land.

When deep and rapid comes the flood by hamlets free  
from fear,  
And when the rivers' lessening banks speak an  
abundant year,  
Then, then shall Memory summon up the kindly tear  
and sigh,  
For those whose fate has saddened o'er the name of  
Gundagai.

*THE VALE OF MANLY.*

SWEET Vale of Manly ! when the eye first lights  
 With fire more pure, beholding all thy charms—  
 And when the murmuring lips, compelled, proclaim  
 In words inaudible, but most intense,  
 Thy hundred beauties ; when with lingering gaze  
 Enchanted vision rests on every scene  
 By fav'ring Nature formed on plan for thee  
 And only thee, with skill unequalled wrought ;  
 How many musings all with grace suffused,  
 Proportioned to the view, crowd on the mind !  
 The gently-sloping plain whereon—like robe  
 Of green, with mimic blossoms strewn—close set  
 The foliage and the flowers commingle ;  
 The unobtrusive stream that courts the shade  
 Suggestive of the chain of pearl that finds  
 'Mid golden curls a nest wherefrom it peeps  
 With timid glance, as fearful lest it lose  
 Its pleasant home ; these and unnumbered charms  
 Beside, in sep'rate order rise to hold,  
 Like bird in beauty's bower, the Fancy caged.

Upon the swelling, noisy waves intent,  
That with a blustering and an awkward grace  
Pay court where ocean comes to steal a glance,  
I pictured thee a maiden fair, hard-wooded  
By lover grey—a gallant poor in years,  
But rich in gold and silver; ships that bear  
From every clime their proper fruits and wares;  
Spreading domains and stately mansions stored  
With all the wealth of art. In the loud roar  
The waves sent forth, methought I heard the tale  
The lover told to win the blushing fair.  
He spoke of bridal train that rich in robes,  
Nor less in heartfelt joy, should lead the way,  
When to the altar the bright concourse went,  
By prancing steeds and glittering chariots borne.  
He spoke of waiting train, of pomp, of show,  
Of the high festival that frequent comes  
Whereof his bride is queen; and when his speech,  
That wearied by its length and haughty sound,  
Was done, the pompous lover vainly tried  
To smile, and puffed his rosy cheeks that glowed  
With tinge imparted by the viny juice.

Anon I gazed upon the placid bay,  
That murmuring laves the circling beach that lies

In silent, sheltered solitude within,  
Where the capes, closing towards the ocean swell,  
Protect the lustrous harbour from the blast,  
The surge, and the too frequent haze, and then  
Methought I saw the same fair maiden wooed  
By youthful lover, nestling at her knees.  
In submiss tones, but suasive, he did speak  
Of cottage home in well-cared garden set  
'Mid circling trees that teem with tropic fruits ;  
Of walks beneath eve's azure canopy,  
When silence sits amid the golden stars :  
Of mutual love that grows as years decay ;  
Of sweet retirement from the frowns and sneers  
The vulgar and the very-wise put on ;  
Of youth in modest happiness enjoyed ;  
Of age all peace, and death like to a sleep.

Disturbed with thoughts conflicting, still the maid  
Blushes and droops her eyes, that yet reveal  
In growing lustre that she scorns not love.  
Not cruel formed, to neither will she speak  
The harsh denial. Though her kindest glance  
Rests on the youth, to neither speaks she aye ;

But adds to their already ardent love  
By each fresh charm her doubting calls to life.

So Vale of Manly ! wooed by Ocean wild  
That pours in homage at thy feet his waves,  
And by the gentle Spirit of the Bay,  
That brings the sylvan graces in his train,  
To spend their skill in decking out thy bowers,  
To neither dost thou yield thy blooming charms,  
But well dost deem that in the privilege  
Of wooing, all their love is well repaid

*BONDI STANZAS.*

WRITTEN ON A VISIT TO BONDI BEACH, AFTER AN  
ABSENCE OF SOME YEARS.\*

SWEET Bondi of the surging waves,  
The snowy sands and twinkling shells !  
Again I greet the sea that laves  
Thy sunny beach, thy coral dells !

How often, in my boyhood's day,  
When Fancy soar'd on new-fledg'd wing,  
I've lov'd to list the sounding lay  
Thy rolling waves incessant sing !

\* Bondi Beach is situate about five miles south of the Sydney Heads, and on a line, in an easterly direction, with the City of Sydney. It is a mile in extent, and over its entire length the waves of the Pacific roll continually in mountainous swells. The tumultuous roar of the waters on the beach, and among the neighbouring rocks, is at all times considerable, and during certain phases of the atmosphere is distinctly heard throughout the eastern quarters of the city, at a distance of six or seven miles.

How often with my joyous shout,  
Thy shelt'ring rocks have loudly rung,  
When sporting free, 'mid truant rout,  
I gamboll'd thy wild scenes among !

And still, unchang'd, thy charms I feel ;  
And still I gaze but to admire !  
Not years can make those charms unreal;  
Nor ages fade thy bright attire !

No ancient tale, no classic lore,  
Amid thy scenes like spirits bide ;  
Nor to thy vales, as spots of fame,  
Does history point in glowing pride !

No moss-grown pile, no mystic tower,  
Attractive rise to spell-bound ken ;  
No shrine of druid, king, or saint,  
Inspires the pencil or the pen.

Nor do thy heights, approving, smile  
O'er fields by martyr'd heroes trod,  
Such as at Marathon, erewhile,  
Crush'd Persia's hosts, and broke her rod.

But what though Fame her charms deny  
While Fancy yields such precious store !  
What, though thy past be starless sky !  
Thy future's sun will glow the more.

Here, standing 'mid thy girding wood,  
I see yon city's limits bound—  
As Rome of old her Tiber's flood—  
Those mirror'd bays now circling round.

And, gazing landward from the sea,  
The wild is chang'd, the desert gone,  
And vine-clad hill and fruitful lea  
Are vocal with the rustic song.

Again I turn to greet the wave,  
And ships unnumber'd stand array'd  
And men are there as strong and brave  
As ever flush'd in war or trade.

And, fairest sight ! o'er land and main  
Waves Freedom's banner uncontroll'd,  
And Freedom, chief of heav'nly train,  
E'er bounteous, squanders bliss untold.

And Peace, descending, quits the skies,  
And Science plies her wondrous hand,  
And Art her magic skill supplies  
To spread abundance o'er the land.

This, this, sweet Bondi ! surging shore !  
The alter'd scene shall list thy lay,  
When fleeting ages pile their store  
Of greatness, gath'ring day by day.

*AUSTRALIAN WINTER.*

CHILL is the season, yet so bright the rays  
The sun diffuses from his northern home,  
That, like a well-proved friend who distant strays  
His spell beneficent is slow to roam.

The woods are bright, although their sheen grows  
less,  
Like bride who lays her wedding-garb aside;  
The waters sparkle, though in mellowness,  
Like beauty's smile when youth has veiled its pride.

The hoar-frost marks the grassy lawn at morn,  
But fades when the first matin beam appears,  
Till earth grows bright, as those erewhile forlorn,  
Joy when their hope a sunlit aspect wears.

We miss the leafless wood, the frost-bound earth,  
The waters sealed within their icy bed;  
We miss the snow that folds the autumn's birth,  
Like shrouds that lie around the early dead.

We miss the robin twittering on the sill,  
Shut from the hedge that late was all his own,  
The frugal snipe that sips the freezeless rill,  
The thrifty sparrow, and the blackbird lone.

Vain too we seek the social charms that live  
Around the thronging hearth, and well-piled board,  
When winter's terrors doubled value give  
To all the wealth domestic virtues hoard.

Bright change to Spring's delightful bloom we  
want—

Our fadeless woods know neither spring nor fall ;  
We miss the visions that the soul enchant,  
When Hope depicts the teeming year's recall.

Thus though the clime from rigours may be free,  
It wants what rougher zones are glad to boast ;  
Thus may we learn that by the wise decree,  
All have some proper bliss, the neediest most.

*LINES, SUGGESTED BY A HAWTHORN IN  
THE BOTANIC GARDENS, SYDNEY.*

As some brave soldier who has lost  
His youth and strength 'mid battle tost,  
Finds him, when age displays its frost,  
A castaway.

From home and kindred's kindly cheer  
By doom or chance an exile drear;  
Even such, old tree, the fate you bear,  
A sylvan stray.

Thy shrivelled stem, thy puny fruit,  
The aspect of thy leafy suit,  
Tell in this soil thy pining root  
Finds not its home.  
While Fancy hears thy leaves among,  
The tale where memories are sung,  
Of the old lands wherefrom you sprung,  
Far o'er the foam.

34 *LINES, SUGGESTED BY A HAWTHORN.*

Listing that tale, what visions rise !  
A group of children meets our eyes,  
With joyous looks and mirthful cries,  
    That glad the swains.  
And one is chosen Queen of May ;  
Her golden ringlets wildly stray  
Beneath a crown of blossoms gay,  
    And daisy chains.

Next comes a youth whose idle gait,  
Full well proclaims his truant state ;  
Or, if he works, 'tis not to sate  
    Dull learning's greed.  
With earnest face and piercing eyes,  
He cons each bush for birds'-nest prize ;  
Or, climbing, from the bramble tries  
    Its fruit to lead.

Beside the thorn a young man stands,  
When home have sped the toiling bands  
And evening's veil gives all the lands  
    A grateful shade ;

His eyes rest on the farm-house near,  
For one is there than life more dear ;  
The casement moves—she'll soon be here,  
His darling maid.

'Tis winter, and the hedge is bleak  
What leads that group such shade to seek  
Their home stood where ascends the reek  
In yonder vale.  
The mother's tears are silent shed,  
Above her children's roofless bed  
The father strides with measured tread,  
Where frets the gale.

A chariot moves in stately show,  
There, near the highway, hedges grow,  
The peasants, as they pass, bend low,  
To him sits there.  
Behind a thorn a flash is seen,  
The air resounds a musket's din ;  
A corse that chariot within,  
Finds gory bier.

36 *LINES, SUGGESTED BY A HAWTHORN.*

Thus not in vain, transplanted tree,

Thy venerated form we see

Where sylvan rarities agree,

In order bright.

A poet, story-teller, seer,

Among the trees, you fill their sphere

With lore, tradition, and, more dear,

Romance's light.

*MEMORIES OF HOME.*

Down in the solitude of thought, where hopes well-  
garnered dwell,  
Where treasured up, our richer store lies safely kept  
and well,  
There meting out the brilliant rays, which from  
their lustre come,  
Lie safe-embowered, like ocean's pearls, these memories of home.

In varied shape these mem'ries flock, their fav'rite  
guise come list:  
They're tending sprites which hover round, like  
seraphs in a mist  
Of light evolved from spirit-land, and ever point  
away  
To where our earlier joys had birth, our earliest long-  
ings stay.

They point to where the daisied field and fragrant  
plain extend,  
Where silv'ry brooks, 'mid verdant meads, their  
bubbling passage wend,  
Where the lark, at morning startled, when the  
shadows tend to west,  
Soars, bearing up her matin hymn, then carols o'er  
her nest.

Where the reaper blithely whistles, while falls the  
teeming grain,  
Where the maid, some love tale warbling, responds  
in rustic strain,  
While laughing children, angel-eyed, with cheeks of  
blooming hue,  
Fill groves surrounding with their song, there oftentimes  
point they too.

And now to scenes more solemn do they call the  
vision back,  
As where in old historic lands, grey age has left his  
track ;

The blood-dew'd fields, in story famed, come up before our gaze,  
And heroes and heroic deeds, long sank in time's deep haze.

Comes rising up each well-marked spot, by grey-beard peasants shown,  
Where Wrong awhile in arms prevail'd, perhaps where Freedom won ;  
Where erst some patriot chieftain called his willing clansmen round,  
And rushed to battle with his hosts where foemen strewed the ground.

And wide-streamed rivers, in whose floods reflected we behold  
The homes and bowers of kings and bards who lived in days of old,  
Pass by in solemn, grand array, and as we gaze we think  
How many ages men have toiled, fought, loved, beside their brink !

And ruins bleak, and temples old, by time or age  
o'erthrown,  
Rise up to mark where tomb-stones lie, by fun'ral  
weeds o'ergrown,  
While struggle with their darksome shade the antique  
lines which show  
The names and stories of the dust which mould'ring  
lies below.

And lakes with breast of azure tinge and reedy zones  
appear,  
Where, 'mid surrounding meadow-lands, we whiled  
the vernal year,  
And lowing herd and bleating flocks live in our  
fancy's eye,  
As when in life's bright morning-time, these visions  
passed us by.

Where'er a touch of Nature's hand has struck one  
early string,  
There chiefly tend those airy sprites on gay and  
lightsome wing.

Where'er a brilliant joy has gleamed, a cherished  
hope lies hid  
There go and come this wakeful band, untutored and  
unbid.

And often in joy's winter time, when cheerless  
bodings press,  
When th' exile deems himself alone, or feels his  
hopes grow less,  
This wizard band will flock around, and with one  
magic stroke  
Call visions up, the brightest far on which thought  
e'er awoke.

All pleasures in the future dream'd by prophets or by  
seers,  
They'll realise in charms which lie in dreams of by-  
gone years,  
With more than song's excelling art, a blissful calm  
they'll find,  
And driving hence each growing fear, they'll leave  
repose behind.

Then, whether in your gladsome hour or in your  
drooping mood,

Welcome and cherish when they come this aerial  
sisterhood ;

In all the ways of life they'll be a solace by your  
side,

And while they make you better men, they'll form  
your safest guide.

*LINES,*

WRITTEN ON BOARD THE SHIP "ESSEX," OFF CAPE  
HORN, DECEMBER 19, 1860.

WHEN from the shore the waving hand  
Gives mute but eloquent good-bye,  
What heart so cold as then withstand  
To yield the tribute of a sigh ?

Who quits even Yarra's winding shore,  
Where social charms yet scant'ly spring,  
May call his fancy's view before  
Some joy to which his soul would cling.

Some friend in trying hour made dear,  
Some form towards which affection bends,  
Some mate by kindred drawn more near,  
To the farewell deep sadness lends.

And ah ! to think mayhap we part  
To meet no more on earthly scene !  
For rudest dangers frequent start  
Australia's shores and Thames between.

44    *LINES, ON BOARD THE SHIP "ESSEX."*

Cape Horn's frozen bulwark looms

    To stay our course 'mid stormy seas ;

The icebergs gleam like fairy homes,

    As fair and fatal oft as these.

The Tropic zones we needs must brave,

    Where burning skies display their wrath,

And even Britain's hoped-for wave

    Presents a peril-compassed path.

In thoughts like these see the lesson lie—

    Our proven friends to cherish so,

That though we bid our last good-bye,

    Bright flowers of thought our memories strow.

*SONG OF THE POLYNESIAN MAIDEN.*

WHERE the sun dwells when flowers are veiling their  
bloom,

They say there's a land with all beauty endowed,  
Where mortals through pathways of pleasure e'er  
roam,

Where life is all sunshine, undimmed by a cloud.  
But I heed not their fables; they're idle and vain;  
Each clime has its seasons of tempest and calm,  
And so Kallan is true, come gladness, come pain,  
The home I love best is the shade of the palm.

Though my robes be uncostly, my trinkets mere  
toys,

Though my playmates be artless, my wooers un-  
taught,

Though the forest's the hall of our light festive joys,  
And each art that we know be with simpleness  
fraught;

Yet still am I queen of the loveliest land,  
Where sisters and brothers I truly may call ;  
Still fairest I'm deemed of the maids of my band ;  
And, oh ! the bright concourse are bosom friends  
all.

They say that this land is a land full of bliss,  
Where men never sigh, or maids never weep,  
Where sorrow's as light as the evening wind's kiss,  
And pleasure, like ocean, as boundless and deep.  
'Though scant is my knowledge, those tales much I  
doubt,  
For sadness is ever twin sister to mirth ;  
For though wisdom may smile and insolence flout,  
My life shall decline 'mid the scenes of my birth.

*A STUDENT'S ADDRESS TO LOVE.*

I SOUGHT thee not, O Love! wherefore  
 Torment me with advances rude?  
 I've shunned thee as a dangerous power,  
 And Pallas only have I sued.

Not but I know thy witching spell,  
 The richest gift to mortals known;  
 But soon I learned to know too well,  
 Oft where thou art, there peace has flown

Nor must the toiler, who would fight  
 Through strife and care his rugged way  
 Aspire to e'en thy blindest light,  
 For such burns not thy genial ray.

Thus, Love, I tried to close my breast  
 To all the whisperings of thy tongue,  
 Or, forced at length by thy behest,  
 Woo'd Fancy's pictured scenes among.

Then Romeo's tale I sometimes told,  
 And gentle Hinda oft have sought,  
 But most with hapless Petrarch rolled  
 The strain that aids the wooer naught.

Not satisfied, you still pursue,  
 You haunt my pathways and my home ;  
 Then if you must this soul subdue,  
 First yield this prayer wherewith I come :—

Grant that the maid who leads my heart  
 May all thy richest gifts enjoy ;  
 Nathless my vows no joy impart,  
 May Chloris' bliss meet no alloy.

Grant that the aged may blessings shower ;  
 Grant that the young may guard from ill ;  
 While maidens, curbed fell envy's power,  
 May own her charms the brightest still.

Grant her amid the good to shine ;  
 Grant her each earthly bliss to share ;  
 And make, O Love ! for thou'rt divine—  
 Oh ! make her Heaven's darling care !

*TO \* \* \* \**

WHEN from the moulding hand complete  
Man sprung to being, soul and mind,  
With varying qualities replete,  
With passions fierce or instinct kind.

Each impulse then to him was given,  
All motives then did springing grow,  
To shape his course or rough or even.  
To guide his steps or high or low.

First in the garden of the soul  
Ambition, soaring bird, took wing ;  
Hers was a flight to mock control,  
And past all curbing bounds to spring.

Next love of fame a home here found—  
On high she looked with steady gaze ;  
Her pride to make a world resound,  
And win, for aye, unrivalled praise.

The patriot flame did next relume,  
With heavenliest light, the dreary void ;  
By this is nerved the soul to doom,  
For thee the good and brave have died.

And love of wealth, and love of lore,  
And various promptings striving still—  
Thoughts, feelings, instincts, wondrous store,  
Disturbed the breast or swayed the will.

Then pitying Mercy saw the storm  
That raging untamed man's breast within,  
And bounteous sent a radiant form  
To calm the wild tumultuous din.

'Rayed in all loveliness and grace  
An angel did this comer prove ;  
Her blithesome form, her lightsome face,  
And smile benign proclaimed her Love.

Thus, thus dear \* \* \* \*, every thought  
Alternate sways my fancy free ;  
But still returning care o'erwrought  
That fancy clings, dear girl, to thee.

*A FRAGMENT.\**

THE Roman's force in war and warlike arts,  
 The Grecian's genius and heroic parts,  
 The Egyptian's learned skill, the Persian's power,  
 The Macedonian's fire, the Frank's brief hour—  
 All these are themes that in the historic page  
 Shall live transcendent to the latest age.  
 But even now a story forms, whose pride  
 Above these other themes shall one day ride ;  
 Repressed each fault that in the warring jars,  
 His rage forgotten, and his wanton wars,  
 The Briton's fame in after years shall light  
 A glory 'mid these beams more fair, more bright.

\* These verses were written in a small county town, nearly 200 miles distant from the metropolis, and were suggested by the wondrous evidences of the progress of civilization which were everywhere visible—a progress the more striking when viewed in relation to the apparently insuperable obstacles which had been overcome in carrying civilization so far into the interior of a rugged and inhospitable country.—Jan. 1855.

Not how he led his legions far and wide,  
Subduing nations to his vaulting pride ;  
Not how he made of war a game, or framed  
Huge, lifeless piles, unstoried as unnamed ;  
Not these the deeds his sounding name shall spread :  
Far nobler works the Islander has sped.

How conquering ocean and subduing space,  
The earth he traversed with a steady pace ;  
How unallured by love of golden ores,  
He pitched his peaceful camp on doubtful shores ;  
How by no dangers checked or turned aside,  
He pierced the forest, climbed the mountain side ;  
How leading commerce in the wake of toil,  
He built up cities and subdued the soil ;  
While all the chaster arts successive came,  
To gild and beautify the mighty frame ;  
How carrying out the great behest he ran  
From pole to pole, the harbinger of man.  
Such deeds relating—shall the historian say,  
‘ ’Twas thus the Briton held his glorious way ”

*A LOVER'S PICTURE.*

My love is young, and mild, and fair  
As morning soft, as light as air,  
When o'er the fragrance-teeming mead  
The zephyr's balms their influence shed.  
The blue and beauty of her eyes  
I dare not, cannot tell.  
Their charm unmatched my tale belies,  
Oh, sweet their lustre's spell !

My love is loving, artless, true ;  
Her words are scant, her glances few ;  
Like fairy music on the sense  
Those glances' thrilling influence ;  
And fair as budding lily's glow,  
Just opening to the light,  
Her spotless skin, surpassing snow,  
Transparent, lustrous, white.

My love is frank, good-natured, kind ;  
Not scornful, proud, or small of mind ;  
Her tones are music to the poor,  
And young men list but to adore.

But ah ! 'tis heaven to think upon,  
Though kind and sweet to all,  
Save on my charmed ear alone  
Her words of love ne'er fall.

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*LINES, ON THE SAD FATE OF A YOUNG  
GIRL.\**

FROM the water's dread embraces  
Gently lift that tender form ;  
Cold that heart, its tenant lifeless,  
Once so fair, so pure, so warm.

Ah ! how altered—mark those features,  
Beauty's home, joy's bidding-place ;  
See those lines, pale, cold, and rigid,  
Stamped by death's abiding trace.

\* A beautiful girl, named Kearney, who was attached to a military officer, followed the regiment to Dublin, in the latter end of 1851. Some time after her arrival in the city, having a quarrel with her lover, she threw herself into the canal, where her lifeless body was found. The allusion to the girl's country in the lines will be understood when it is mentioned, that, at the period of the occurrence, Ireland had scarcely recovered from the effects of the famine of 1848, and which, even in a land for centuries subject to frequently recurring evils, has not been surpassed in its horrifying details.—*Author's Note*, May, 1852.

Mark those tresses, erst so golden,  
    Sadly weeping plenteous tears ;  
Mark that cheek, the rose's rival,  
    Like the shroud the hue it bears.

See those lips, which shamed the ruby,  
    Fled the witching smile they bore ;  
And those eyes, now fixed and fireless,  
    Gone the enchanting light they wore.

Mark that brow, by bounteous nature  
    Stamped with dignity untold—  
Once surpassing marble's whiteness,  
    Now 'tis more than marble cold.

Alas ! forsaken, lifeless, lonely,  
    Strangers all around thee press ;  
Tearless eyes are gazing on thee,  
    Will no one mourn ? none redress ?

Far from childhood's haunts and kindred,  
    None are near to mourn thy doom ;  
Distant all, no clust'ring maidens,  
    Loved in life, dispel death's gloom.

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*LINES, ON THE FATE OF A YOUNG GIRL.* 57

Like thy country's has thy fate been ;  
Gone love's sunshine, thou hast died,  
'Reft of all who bravely loved her,  
Long in death's shade has she sighed.

Yet one hope abides unfading,  
Thou wilt rise in radiance bright ;  
And thy land, from sorrow springing,  
Yet may glow in Freedom's light.

*TO CHLORIS.*

WITTY Chloris ! arch young Chloris !  
Sweetest maid of Sydney town,  
I perceive she grows a woman,  
And can take admirers down.

Yet I knew her when ten summers  
Scarce had breathed on her cheek—  
But even then she was a lady  
Mixed of quizzical and meek.

Yes, her air was very queenly,  
As amid "those babes," she stood ;  
And her face was very solemn,  
Wearing its inquiring mood.

Rarely now she lights our pathways,  
True, the lads did gaze too hard ;  
But the treasure hide not, Chloris,  
Once was seen in thy regard.

Strong 's the preacher's word, when mildness  
Mingles with his meet reproof ;  
Strong 's the mother's look of sadness,  
For an erring child's behoof ;

Strong 's the whisper heard within us,  
When the heart is good and sound ;  
But in Chloris' lovely features  
Better teaching far is found.

Yes, where grace and beauty mingle,  
There is virtue's surest friend ;  
I, for all that teaches goodness,  
To that face the world commend.

Triumph in your charms subduing,  
For your praise is spoken still ;  
But *I* sing not Chloris scornful,  
Chloris fair I ever will.

## TO \* \* \* \* \*

THOSE radiant eyes of brightest glow,  
 Those flowing locks, with gold-light vying;  
 Those blooms, like flowers 'mid winter's snow,  
 Have long to me been cause of sighing.

Long felt I, maid, the pains that come  
 From loving with a love unspoken;  
 As streams more deep will aye become  
 Till bounds impeding them are broken.

In vain each devious art I try  
 From thoughts of thee to gain diversion;  
 In vain I wander, vain I fly,  
 My steadfast heart rejects desertion.

For everywhere that form still seems  
 'Mid brightest scenes a sadness making;  
 For ever present in my dreams—  
 For ever present in my waking.

Thus bound to love, I'll dare to woo ;  
Thus doomed thy slave, I crave thy kindness ;  
Thus charmed, enthralled, dear girl, by you,  
I cried to thy—accustomed mildness.

*IMPROMPTU.*

WRITTEN AFTER A PERUSAL OF WASHINGTON IRVING'S  
"LIFE OF COLUMBUS."

WHO war's unyielding work successful speed,  
In victor's laurels still acquire their meed ;  
A just reward, by fame, is ever found  
For wit, for eloquence, and lore profound ;  
While praise to statesmen due unceasing rings,  
And patriots still are honoured more than kings.  
But yet nor high renown nor splendid name  
Can match, Great Sailor ! thy extended fame ;  
For not on cities swept with wasting hand,  
Nor one state ruined that the next may stand,  
On certain evil, nor on doubtful good  
Subsists thy greatness, justly understood.

'Mid best achievements e'er must stand sublime,  
Secure of fate—still gathering praise from time,  
That effort which, strong, steadfast, and alone,  
To man bequeathed a world—a refuge—home.

*INSCRIBED IN A BOOK PRESENTED TO  
A YOUNG AUSTRALIAN LADY.*

BRIGHT as the skies which span thy land  
May flow, sweet maid, thy life's full measure ;  
And smiling Joy, with lavish hand  
E'er strew thy path with fadeless pleasure.

*FOUNDING OF NEW SOUTH WALES,*  
*A.D. 1788.*

UPRAISE your standard! Never thro' the days  
In nations' annals consecrate did rise  
A beacon yielding to the straining eyes,  
Of future-seeing men, more hopeful rays.  
Let war-notes rise in loud but gladsome swell,  
For never since the Orphean notes had birth,  
Did music herald to the tribes of earth  
More glorious advent than your cymbals tell.  
And as the signs that marked her nascent hours,  
So be the virtues of Australia's youth —  
A trumpet voice to speak the words of truth,  
A lion's force to brunt war's sternest powers;  
While for the hour of peace her harp shall hold,  
These notes that flow but for the fair and bold.

*OPENING OF THE FIRST PARLIAMENT,*

*A.D. 1856.*

WELL it befits that in the pageant show

Matron, and bride, and maid, should hold chief  
place,

Giving to gravest rites a livelier grace,

Filling the senate-hall with beauty's glow !

Men may found states, win conquests, freedom  
prize,

But in the lapse of time, 'mid passion's rage,

This truth we glean in each historic page :

Woman most bids a nation's virtues rise.

Old Rome's wise founder from the rabble crew,

Received the fathers of the nascent State,

But when his rugged legions he would mate,

From Honour's daughters he the mothers drew,

And well Maturia, Clælia, Lucrece, tell

Where greatness is, there woman's virtues dwell.

*TO THE RIVER HAWKESBURY.*

MAJESTIC flood, that glid'st 'mid shading trees,  
Seeking, like rarest good, a course unseen,  
How rich a lesson may the muser glean  
From out thy heaven-writ page! In thee he sees  
A pilgrim that for ages held thy way,  
Blessing the land, when none did mark thy wave  
Save tribes unwitting of the good ye gave,  
Waiting with patience the all-welcome day,  
When happy homes should line thy bounteous banks,  
And maids, like Mary Anne, should bide  
Amid thy vales, and in thy sunny tide,  
Mirror their graceful forms. Thus yielding thanks  
For ev'ry fleeting joy, the true hearts know  
No change, let sadness come or fortune's favours  
flow.

*TO THE HON. ROGER THERRY.*

**AUTHORITY** is hurtful to the bloom

Of all th' adornments that are seen to throw

Around the paths of life their welcome glow.

No flower or balmy shrub dispels the gloom

That marks the high-set cliff; but round the base,

Sometimes we see wild blossoms thickly strewn,

Nursed by the sheltered warmth the rock has  
thrown.

Thus, Therry, did thy function but increase

Thy will and influence in the charming task

To embellish life. The ermine, while it clad

The judge, the accomplished man could never  
shade;

The jurist's gown the scholar could not mask;

The wealth of eloquence the wig replaced,

While all the social virtues still thy presence graced

*TO C. G. DUFFY.*

NOT simply, Duffy, for thy kindly heart,  
 Thy boundless love for all thy kith and kin—  
 The Irish people—dost thou greatly win  
 Our best esteem. Nor for that higher part  
 Of mind in thee, so good, so large, so strong—  
 The poet's genius and the poet's skill,  
 With war, philosophy, and love to fill  
 The finished poem and the flowing song;  
 Though deemed good merits these, a higher yet  
 Begets thy fame. In thee we most behold  
 One more of those, with dauntless soul and bold  
 Who 'twixt their nation and the wronger set  
 The firm breast and brow—from Brian down  
 To him the Chief of Peace whose name bespeaks  
 renown.

*O'DONNELL.*

UNMEASURED plaudits greet thy name, good chief!  
Where'er old Erin's sons the sound shall hear,  
Where'er the scoffer's taunt—the doubter's fear—  
Would damp the order of the fixed belief  
That nations fall to rise. For holding still  
The tenor of thy sire's unswerving course—  
The widened current forceful as the source—  
Dest thou not show how great the strength of will  
When honour and the patriot's fires remain?  
Best vindicator of an exiled line!  
For thee two lands, not last of Europe, twine  
The laurelled crown. Thy gifts to Spain—  
Strength, freedom, order, and a worthier sway;  
And Ireland owes—the reflex of thy honour's ray!

*TO A JEWISH GIRL WHOM THE WRITER  
SAW AT AN ASSEMBLY.*

IN every feature of that glowing face,  
     Where all the maiden charms do harmonize,  
     Where all those graces we as beauty prize  
 Are found combined, how well the eye may trace  
 What speaks thee one of Judith's, Esther's line !  
     As fair that presence as was hers who slew  
     The Assyrian lord who would her race subdue ;  
 Nor is the light which fills those eyes of thine  
 Less radiant than the light of hers who led  
     Ahasuerus' will enthralled, and shared his throne.  
     Methought, while bright 'mid brightest maidens  
         shone  
 That spell-diffusing form, full well was paid  
     Thy people's faith in this we still may see,  
     While 'mongst their virgin throng they number  
         such as thee.

## TO MIRZE.

## I.

THEE, beauteous Mirze ! and gentle as beautiful,  
 If e'er the feature indexed forth the soul,  
 Late when I saw where graces writ the roll  
 Of all our city's fairest, when to cull  
 Perplexed the eye of taste, and had defied  
 But that thy form was there to fix its gaze ;  
 Methought how hard that e'er that witching maze  
 Of charms into the beauty-waning tide  
 Of age should float. Ah me ! that polished brow,  
 Ah me ! those lips that like a bursting rose,  
 The teeth that rival snow-drops half enclose.  
 Ah me ! those eyes that cheering radiance throw  
 Like kindly stars that through the tempest peep,  
 When ships lie hopeless in the troubled deep.

*TO MIRZE**II.*

No cheerless thoughts will ever there abide  
Where Mirze's smiles diffuse a bliss around,  
For dull-eyed care still flies with lightning bound  
Where blooming youth and florid health reside.  
Late when I mused—wherefore did nature try  
To make a work so perfect if decay  
A few brief summers hence assert its sway?—  
An answer came each drooping thought to free,  
For thee, thus Fancy spoke, Age has no mask,  
For thee Death's armourer no bolt would bring  
And when to mar thy bloom toward thee they wing,  
They must but feign to do their graceless task.  
Thus all those charms will pass into the skies,  
And well if angels then continue wise.

TO ———, WITH THE "*LUSIAD*" OF  
CAMOENS.

AN oak for ages gathered strength, and spread  
 Its shading foliage o'er the verdant lawn ;  
 An eagle, from high air, admiring drawn,  
 Down stooped, and from the tree's cloud-kissing head  
 A bramble, with ripe acorns laden, bore.  
 Centuries rolled, and its best honours shorn,  
 That tree fast fades. The acorns, far off borne,  
 Budding ascend on earth's remotest shore.  
 Thus Lusitania's fame, by Camoens sung—  
 Each rich possession and fair province gone—  
 Shall live, and springing soar. Still later on  
 Should Lusitania's self—that arm unstrung  
 Which served a mighty soul—sink a dead state,  
 Her story, by her bard diffused, shall rise elate.

*EVENING.*

It is the hour of eve. The orb of day  
Being gone, the lamps of night in mellow radiance  
come ;  
As when in some cathedral's gorgeous dome,  
The evening hymn being done, the awful ray  
That 'lumined the high altar's sacred space  
Departing, leaves the lesser lights to throw  
Throughout the sombre aisles a misty glow.  
How in the compass of a day we trace  
The picture of a life ? The morn, like youth,  
With light, and calm, and promise filled ; the noon,  
Like later years, when passions rage, full soon  
To drive the wise to balmy founts of truth ;  
The eve like age, when, seeing all earth bleak,  
On high men look, their guiding lights to seek.

*LIGHT IN THE SHADE.*

EVEN in the olden time, when books were rare,  
And men from Nature chiefly had their lore,  
The world, if wanting letters, lacked not store  
Of sagest teachings for the student's share.  
Who that e'er wanders thro' some bloom-floored  
shaw,  
When length'ning shadows come across the  
scene—  
Night's harbingers, that spread the sunny green  
With eve's appropriate carpet—he may draw  
A lesson from the woods. There where the shade  
Falls deep, the glittering, gem-like host ascends  
In brightest file, whiles, where the day-star bends  
His latest rays, the beauteous clusters fade,  
Think, then, when overhead life's storm-cloud  
lowers,  
It is the shadow that calls forth the flowers,

*BAYARD'S ADDRESS TO CONSCIENCE.*

How much they wrong thee, Conscience! who  
 would paint

Thy form in terrors clad and fell despair,  
 With face that scowls, and voice that speaks of  
 fear

Not such thou art, and falsely they attain  
 Th' angelic order who nor scowl nor frown,  
 Who thus depict thee. Ever have I found  
 Thee one whom beauty's mildest charms surround.

When, firmness falt'ring, I have wilful grown,  
 Or honour seemed to lose, in pensive mood  
 Like seraph coming, Conscience, thou didst speak  
 Reproving not reproaching, and didst break  
 Each ling'ring cloud that lay 'twixt me and good  
 With beams of sorrowing eyes. Repressing still  
 Each lesser fault, the germs of greater dost thou  
 kill.

*APPEAL TO POETRY.*

As one with am'rous breast, and prompt to glow  
     'Neath ev'ry wave of beauty's magic spell  
     Loves without hope of winning, yet loves well,  
 Such homage, Muse of Song ! to thee I owe,  
 And as the wooer, tho' resigned the prize  
     Of love requiting, still the haughty fair  
     Urges with sigh, and burning word, and tear—  
 Courting her glance, seeking her radiant eyes,  
 Tempting all arts at love's behest revealed,  
     To win approval, or reward evoke—  
     A small white glove, a rose, a silky lock,  
 Or, richest gift ! a kiss—thus do I yield  
     Thee warmest service, Muse ! Hopeless to gain  
     Thy worthier bays, grant me some lesser wreaths  
         t' obtain !

*TO A LADY.*

(SUGGESTED BY A SCENE AT A CHILDREN'S PARTY.)

THREE twinkling stars the star of eve around,  
 When she, the evening star, lights all the sky;  
 Three daisies lifting their bloom-heads hard by  
 A lily fair that soaring quits the ground :—  
 Such were the fancies that before me came,  
 When late I saw thee 'mid the festive throng,  
 Beside thy boy and girls, so fair and young—  
 Where all were young, and fair as words can name.  
 Nor was this ideal all. Are they not flowers  
 Who know no guile, and deck each happy sphere  
 Where their bright forms, e'er welcome, do  
 appear ?  
 Are they not stars, and more, who with the powers  
 Divine that made the stars are close allied  
 In soul, and yet above the stars will bide ?

*TO AN OLD PEN.*

OLD quill that look'st so hacked, so grimed, so sere,

Well teachest thou to practise lowliness!

For all thy outward meanness, not the less

Might thy small nib work deeds—good, great, and

rare—

Deeds that in all we prize would far outrun

The mightiest work by wanton sword e'er wrought.

The greatest victory e'er by life-blood bought,

Might pale before achievements thou hadst done.

In second Petrarch's hand how would'st thou write

In e'er-enduring lines the tale of love;

In second Shakspeare's hand how would'st thou  
move

Mankind, unmasked, before the spell-bound sight.

With Goldsmith might'st thou every field explore

Of wit, and thence deduce the choicest of her  
store.

*MURMURINGS IN LONDON.**I.*

LONE is my chamber, save that gently comes,  
     To yield her solace sweet, my kindly muse ;  
 Not so the adjacent street, where need and  
     pleasure fuse  
 The city swarm. There loud-buzzing roams  
 The busy crowd. There thrifty housewives walk,  
     To buy their Sabbath store. Unmeetly joined  
     There plods the female whom no joy refined  
 Shall ever bless ; unholy heart, there stalk  
 The hoary ribald and the unthinking youth ;  
     There haunts the beggar, and the robber crew  
     There plan where they outrageous work shall do.  
 In such an hour and near such scenes of ruth  
     I think of one whose life glides far, far hence,  
     And pray my thoughts be worth her innocence.

*MURMURINGS IN LONDON.**II.*

FAIR is the temple towering to the skies,  
To teach the mighty city that above  
Lies the eternal land most worthy love ;  
Fair each palatial home, where greatly rise  
Virtues to guide a gazing nation's way ;  
Fair is the shrine, where monumental art  
Tells how the sage and hero played their part.  
The park is fair, where gleam in long array  
Fair Nature's sylvan banks. But when on these  
We gaze awhile, there comes a weariness,  
Time makes the grandest scenes to please us less.  
One pleasure passes cities, mountains, seas :  
It is the joy the humblest mind may glean  
From the pure bosom and the soul serene.

*POEMS WRITTEN IN YOUTH.*

To ———

FAREWELL to thee, that bliss farewell,  
With thy fair form my fancy wove ;  
No more to meads and flowers I tell  
In murmuring strains my ardent love.

Yet if thy image still could float  
Before my fancy's raptured sight  
Apart from his, I still could dote  
On that dear form, so fair, so bright.

To thee I ne'er have breath'd my soul ;  
My passion ne'er to thee could tell ;  
So strong the tie, such firm control  
Had bound me in thy beauty's spell.

By looks alone our hearts communed,  
Oh ! when did lips such language know ?  
By these I read a heart attuned  
To mine, beneath thy bosom's snow.

Yet can't I bear that racking thought  
That bosom by another pressed—  
With anguish wild the image fraught,  
By thy embrace another blessed

Farewell to thee ! that bliss farewell,  
With thy fair form my fancy wove ;  
No more to meads and flowers I tell  
In murmuring tones my ardent love.

## TO IRELAND.

THOUGH far from the land where Shannon's blue  
waters

'Mid daisy-clad valleys so mightily roll ;  
Where balm-breathing meadows and bright bubbling  
streamlets

Delight the rapt vision, enamour the soul ;  
Yet, oh ! my loved Erin, dear land of my fathers !  
From my breast thy fond image shall never  
depart—

Still nearest, still dearest, in joy and in sorrow,  
Dear land of my childhood, dear land of my  
heart !

Though *still* with thy sorrows the breezes are laden,  
Though thy glory and freedom should *never*  
return,  
Though the song of thy praise ne'er a hand should  
awaken,  
And no soldier to right thee in battle should  
burn ;

Unchanged and unchanging, whate'er shall betide  
thee,

This fond heart shall love thee till its life-spark  
depart ;

And its last aspiration to heaven be for thee,

Dear land of my childhood, dear land of my  
heart !

*PHŒBUS TO DAPHNE.*

TRANSLATED FROM BOOK I. OF OVID'S  
METAMORPHOSES.

DAPHNE ! await, dispel thy vain alarm :  
 Sweet nymph ! await, no foe designs thee harm ;  
 'Tis thus, with beating heart and rapid pace,  
 The lamb avoids the cruel wolf's embrace,  
 The deer the lion, the dove the bird of Jove ;  
 Thus flies each creature all who hostile prove ;  
 Of my pursuit the moving cause is love.  
 How wretched I at each retreating bound,  
 Lest Daphne tripping touch the unworthy ground ;  
 Or, I the cause, whilst flying, faint with fear,  
 Thy tender limbs the cruel thorns tear.  
 The way is rugged where thy footsteps lie,  
 Restrain thy speed, fair nymph, less wildly fly,  
 And my pursuit arrested by thy stay,  
 My name and rank thy questions shall repay.

No mountain swain, no care to brutes I lend ;  
No clownish swain, nor droves or herds I tend.  
Thou knowest not, timid, whom thy footsteps shun ,  
Else hadst thou ceased to fear and ceased to run.  
The Delphic shrine and Clarion altars groan  
With gifts to me, their incense clouds my throne.  
The Ægean Tenedos admits my sway ;  
My sceptre, too, the Lycian realms obey,  
My sire, he who rules the gods' array.  
At my behest the books of fate unroll ;  
Charmed by my touch the lyre inspires the soul ;  
My arrow's certain in its airy course ;  
But one more certain, and of deadlier force,  
Has pierced with painful wound my hapless heart,  
'Till now unmoved by Cupid's direful art.  
The laws of physic owe to me their birth,  
I'm called the healer through the extended earth ;  
In sweet and grateful herbs the charms that lie  
To me alone 'tis given to descry.  
Alas ! that herbs to love no cure afford,  
And arts that all do bless, bless not their lord.

*FABLE I.*

(VERSIFIED FROM THE FRENCH.)

A COCK that hunger's pinch long knew,  
 Upon a neighbouring dunghill flew,  
 To seek wherewith his gnawings might  
 Be for the present set aright.  
 He scratched until his claws grew sore,  
 Nor even then his toil forbore,  
 Without one particle of seed  
 Upturning, to relieve his need.  
 Till, having lost his patience quite,  
 He was about to change his site,  
 When something beautiful to view  
 Came forth—it was a gay bijou—  
 A diamond from Peru's mines,  
 That had been prized in other times.  
 The hungry cock a moment stayed  
 To view the glittering prize, then said—  
 “This to a Jew or gaudy fair  
 Had been a treasure *sans* compare ;

To grace the finger, deck the brow  
'Twould answer well enough, I trow ;  
But, ah ! to me one grain of maize  
Were worth a thousand jewels' blaze."

*THE MORAL.*

'Tis not in glittering wealth contentment lies,  
But in each humble gift our longings prize.

*FABLE II.*

(VERSIFIED FROM THE FRENCH.)

A MERRY fox, in former times  
 (I owe a fable for my rhymes),  
 A stork invited, to partake  
 At his expense, of a beef-steak,  
 And make him merry at his hall,  
 Away 'mid forest dense and tall,  
 Where Reynard oft found good defence,  
 When pressed right hard for an offence :  
 As helping goose or pullet rich  
 Down from roost or up from ditch ;  
 Or, as the Scriptures doth propound,  
 Lifting a neighbour from the ground,  
 That near some highway he had met,  
 And deemed for house and home hard set.  
 Well, to our tale—his note polite  
 The stork did answer with a flight,

And bowed with all a courtier's grace,  
When he and fox stood face to face.  
The table spread, they lost no time  
To sit them down, and 'gin to dine.  
The cover off, two plates came forth,  
Filled up with richest steaming broth.  
Stork made a dive, but lo ! his beak  
Upon the delf resounded creak ;  
For well you know from shallow cup  
A crane or stork can never sup.  
Fox in his sleeve at this *faux pas*  
Did laugh right hearty—stretched his paw,  
And helped his friend to some more food,  
Until his dish had near o'erflowed.  
“ Your appetite, sir, is it keen ? ”  
The rogue inquired, with cunning grin.  
“ Very, indeed, sir,” biped replied  
(With hunger, faith, he could have cried).  
Again he tried to have a taste—  
Again he only made a waste.  
He tried his bill in every way,  
But no receipt his pains would pay ;

Yet still he "hèmmèd," and coughed, and  
said :

" 'Twas splendid broth, and very well made."

" 'Tis middling," modestly replied.

The host ; " I hope you're satisfied."

" I've dined quite hearty, sir, thank you,

(While inwardly he cursed the stew).

He took his hat, and bade good day ;

Bowed to his host, and walked away ;

Betook him to a neighb'ring brook

With rapid flight, and hungry look,

Then set to work, and here at last

He caught a fish to break his fast.



## APPENDIX.

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### *EXTRACTS FROM MR. FLANAGAN'S SCRAP-BOOK.*

THERE is nothing fills my heart with a more bitter sense of degradation and indignity than that my equals, those men to whom neither birth, nor fortune, nor education, nor, I humbly conceive, intellect, can give any claim to superiority over me, should come upon me with the air of patronage and protection.  
—*O'Connell.*

There was a period of similar importance in the history of England. Franklin—Benjamin Franklin—with more of talent than any of us could boast, but with an equally sincere desire of combining America with England and perpetuating the connexion—the virtuous Franklin proffered the dutiful submission of the hearts and hands of America to be devoted to the service of England. And what did he require? A mere act of justice. How was he received? With derision, contempt, and insult. England refused to be just; she laughed to scorn the force of America. She even boasted that by the night-watch of a single parish all the armed power of America could be put down. It was deemed safe to oppress, and therefore oppression was continued. The Americans forgot their feuds, banished their domestic dissensions, combined in patriotic determination, rushed to arms, and—oh! may heaven be thanked for it!—

prostrated the proud standard of England in the dust and discomfited her with all her chivalry.—*Sheridan.*

The marks of that awful catastrophe, which so nearly extinguished the human race, are every day becoming more and more visible as geological research proceeds. Thus, in the limestone caves at Wellington Valley, the remains of fossils and exuviae, show that their depths were penetrated by the same searching element that poured into the caverns of Kirkdale and other places.—*Captain Sturt.*

The conflict in his country's cause has, in itself, no terror for the Irishman. The maturity of life has reached me in the struggle, but yet my step is firm, and my arm, too, is not unnerved; so that I should not feel any personal deficiency to deter me from joining in the battle's roar in the cause of my country. But I am not without my perception of passing events and instigating causes. Yes, coming events do cast their shadows, and I behold many circumstances which enable me to anticipate the future history of Ireland. The rising generation is not as submissive as their fathers were. It may not be equally safe to treat them ill as it is to ill-treat us. The rising youth of Ireland appear to have their pulses beating with better blood, and I have remarked more than once that, while I myself was tranquil, the eye of youth, scarce reached beyond childhood, was glistening with indignation at the history of six centuries of misgovernment which this country has endured. This fiery youth, with hotter blood boiling in their veins, is accumulating fast around us. Whilst we of the old day live, we can and will restrain them; but when the grave has closed upon those who have been nurtured in submission, and trained in the toils of patient entreaty and constitutional prayer—when we are removed—oh! may England, for her own sake, and for the sake of humanity, above all, turn off the evils which even a successful struggle must inflict upon Ireland—may she learn to be wise in time, and

to be just while she may be so with dignity and pride. May she never force Ireland to imitate America.—*O'Connell*.

According to principles of computation which appear to be extremely moderate, the quantity of gold and silver that has been regularly entered in the ports of Spain is equal in value to four millions sterling annually, reckoning from the year 1492, in which America was discovered, to the present time. This in 283 years amounts to £1,132,000,000. Immense as this sum is, the Spanish writers contend that as much more ought to be added, in consideration of treasure which has been extracted from the mines and imported fraudulently into Spain without paying duty to the king. By this account, Spain has drawn from the New World a supply of wealth amounting at least to 2,000,000,000 of pounds sterling.—*Robertson's History of America*.

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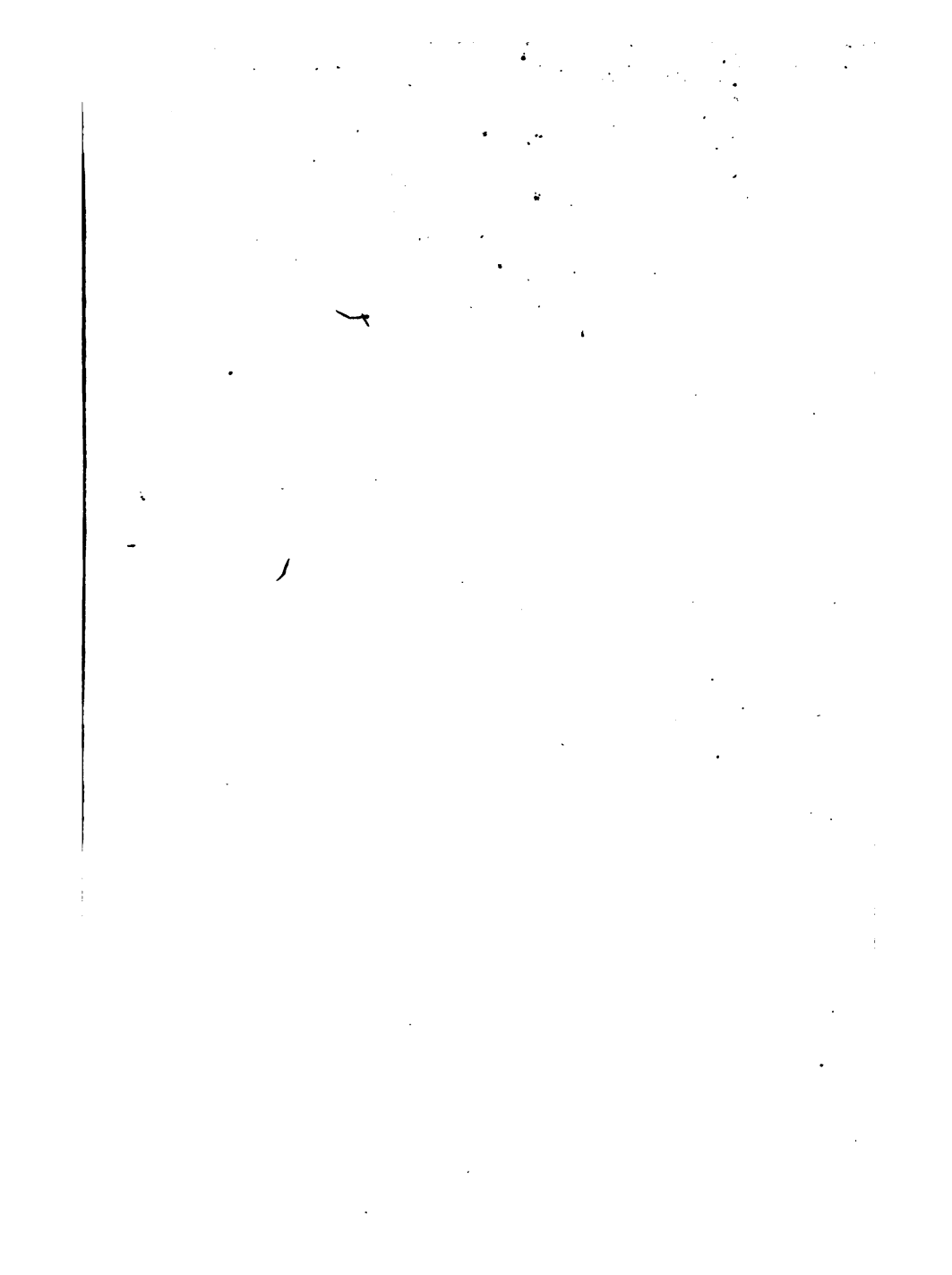
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